witcht with the rogues company. If the rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hangd. It could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, Poines, Hal, a plague vpon you both, Bardoll, Peto, Ile starue ere Ile rob a foote further, and t'were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true man, and to leau these rogues; I am the veriest varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeards of vneuen ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony hearted villaines know it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another.

They whistle.

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my horse, you rogues, giue me my horse and be hangd.

Prince Peace ye fat guts, lye downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Fals. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being down? zbloud Ile not beare mine owne flesh so farr afoot againe, for all the coyne in thy fathers Exchequer: what a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prince Thou lyest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Fals. I prethee good Prince *Hal*, helpe me to my horse, good Kings sonne.

Prince. Out you rogue, shall I be your Ostler.

Fals. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire apparant garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, & sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when icast is so forward, and afoote too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill

Gad. Stand. *Fal.* So I do against my wil.

Poines. O tis our setter, I know his voice: *Bardol* what newes?

Bar. Case yee, case yee, on with your vizards, thers money of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings exchequer.

Fals. You lie you rogue, tis going to the King's Tauerne.

Gad. There's enough to make vs al.

Fal. To behanged.

Prince. You foure shall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poines & I will walke lower: if they scape from your encounter,

ter, then they light on vs.

Peto. But how many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight, or ten.

Fals. Zounds, wil they not rob vs?

Prince. What! a coward Sir Iohn Pawnch?

Fals. Indeed I am not Iohn of Gant your Grandfather, but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince Well, weele leaue that to the proofe.

Poines Sirra Iack, thy horse standes behind the hedge, when thou needest him, there thou shalt finde him: farewell, & stand (fast.

Fals. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hangd.

Prince Ned, where are our disguises?

Poines Here hard by, stand close.

Fals. Now my maisters, happy man be his dole, say I, euery man to his businesse.

Enter the Trauellers.

Tra. Come neighbour, the boy shal lead our horses downe the hil, weele walke afoote a while, and ease our leggs.

Theeues Stand. *Tra.* Iesus blesse vs.

Fals. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horeson caterpillars! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours, for euer.

Fals. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no yee fat chuffes, I would your store were here: on bacons, on, what yee knaues? young men must liue, you are grand Iurers, are yee? weele iure yee yfaith.

Here they rob them and binde them: Enter the Prince and Poines.

Prince The theeues haue bound the true men: now could e thou and I rob the theeues, and go merrily to London, it wold be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a good iest for euer.

Poines Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter the theeues againe.

Fals. Come my masters, let vs share, and then to horse before day. and the Prince and Poines be not two arrant cowardes, theres no equity stirring, theres no more valour in that Poines, than in a wild duck.